

THE NEED OF MONEY.

BY TONY REVILLON.

(Translated from the French for The
Globe by Benjamin R. Tucker.)

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

Al day long Madame Duverney seemed preoccupied. At the same hour appeared over her the street door. The boarders arrived one after another. Etienne alone did not appear. When all were at the table, Madame Duverney said:

"Well! he has not come."

"Who?" asked M. Duverney.

"Your inventor. That is what comes of people like us," said she, in a reproachful tone.

"Only this morning," said the stupefied husband, "I have been for not being enough."

"This morning is not this evening."

"Perhaps he has returned to Paris."

"Possibly. Take my place at the counter."

She rose and went into the dining-room.

"Tell me," said she to one of Etienne's fellow-boarders, "did M. Andre go to Paris again today?"

"No," said the workman, "he passed the entire day with us. He even remained to wait after dinner."

Madame Duverney returned to her husband.

"Say there, you, it would be a good plan for you to look about the wharves, and see if you do not meet this young man."

"With pleasure!" said M. Duverney.

"You have been so kind to him, if you met him, tell him back. The chance when night comes, a Christian must die."

The wine-merchant was gone half an hour.

"There is no one on the wharves. Everything is closed, and it is raining."

One by one the hats were away.

A few drunks had not crossed the town, waiting in the front room for the storm to hold up.

Zelie set the table for her employers and herself.

Suddenly Madame Duverney turned to her.

"Put on a clean cloth."

"But, madame, this is not Sunday!"

"This does not concern you. I tell you to put on a clean cloth and hold your tongue! You will also give us clean napkins and an extra plate."

"Do you expect some one?" asked M. Duverney.

"Yes. That is, I thought that if M. Duverney should come back we would invite him."

"He will not accept."

"He! Sure, enough, you are right. After your insults."

"But we have not been insulting," said the poor M. Duverney.

"That is, you have been insulted without knowing it, as far as I am concerned, the sun will not be out doors at this time in this weather. What have we for supper? Cabbage soup, a rib of beef . . . Zelie, light the fire and put on the smock, and you will go down stairs and bring up two bottles of your best wine."

"At once, my friend."

The wine-merchant lifted a trap door through which he disappeared. A gust of wind shook the front of the shop.

Madame Duverney suppressed a cry.

The street was silent, and the tempest raged in a small of rain and sleet.

He shook himself, and then looked timidly about. Perceiving Zelie, he said:

"I am lost. And, if you will give me a hand to get to my room?"

"Monsieur," said Madame Duverney,

"when you have changed your clothing I shall be much obliged in you will come to you."

"Very well, madame," said Etienne, lowing.

"We will be together again."

As he was going up stairs to his room, M. Duverney was coming up stairs from the cellar.

"Look," said the wife to her husband, "this young man is coming down again. I told him that you had something to say to him."

"Yes, you. My God! how stupid men are! You will ask him to supper. It is the least you can do to repair your brutalities."

"Well, I have not been brutal."

Etienne hastily changed his pantaloons, and appeared with his hair still wet.

"Monsieur," said the wine-merchant, "you have had no time for the dinner hour, or else the bad weather has kept you. We are going to sit down to the table. If you have a mind . . ."

"Zelie, bring the scones, smoking hot."

Etienne gave a step towards the table.

He was hungry.

"Thank you," said he, stopping, "I have dined."

M. Duverney looked at his wife.

"Put, put, take this scone. The words that often reached her ear were letters of exchange, protest, judgment, bankruptcy, sale, and patent.

At the Esperance the conversations were given.

M. Duverney had become accustomed to Etienne's ways.

"Etienne, I have a mind of breaking out again tomorrow."

The great day came at last.

Etienne waited for Gabrielle at the Rue du Poitou.

"Sudden! Suddenly he saw her coming toward him."

"My mother," said she, "is waiting for me at the Rue du Poitou. Do you love me?"

"I have forgotten to bow."

He hurriedly raised his hat.

"Be your pardon, said he. "I came to tell you that we have the first trial to-morrow. Day after tomorrow I shall go to see your father and invite him to the first trip of the Gabrielle. In a week you shall see the old man again."

"An avoird. Etienne. We shall succeed."

"Come! sit down there beside me," said she, with a good-natured smile.

The young man hesitated no longer, but sat down. M. Duverney served the soup. Then he bent over his plate and began to eat greedily. When he had finished, he left at the stairs.

"Madame," said he, "it is the second of February, and your birthday is the third of June. You are worthy people," said he, extending his hand to the young man.

M. Duverney saw on the young man's face the double gleam of a smile and a tear. The glimmer of sunlight upon the drops of water entered. A sort of bolt of lightning was heard within. Was the water meet with respect?

The workmen looked at each other.

Suddenly, abruptly, the turbine began to turn.

He gave a shout of joy, which was interrupted by the noise of an explosion.

Bells of metal were thrown violently over the deck. One of them struck Etienne in the right shoulder, and overthrew him. He lay motionless.

"Close the stop-cocks," cried a voice.

The turbine, which had not stopped, stopped, and the engine began to investigate the cause of the disaster.

A hammer had been accidentally left inside the turbine, and this hammer, when it struck the metal, had broken the machinery.

The invention was not affected, but a new expenditure of time and money was made necessary.

With the machinists were examining the bolt the other men had picked up the inventor. One of them came to the side of the boat, and addressing those on the shore, said:

"A bit of iron is buried in his shoulder. He will come to you to-night."

"I will go to him," said Etienne.

"I will go to him," said he.

"I will go

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1886.

AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS.

GLADSTONE's Edinburgh speech was quite in his best vein—earnest, passionate, logical and convincing. SALISBURY's effort at Leeds, of which, to be sure, we have only a meagre summary by cable, would seem to have been very tame by comparison. The effect of the two efforts is another matter, for it must not be overlooked that GLADSTONE is talking against and SALISBURY with the general current of settled English and Scotch prejudices. The Tory leader is reported to have been received with a perfect tempest of enthusiasm at Leeds, which has not in time past been by any means a Tory stronghold. Per contra GLADSTONE's at Edinburgh seems to have carried the people by storm. The "grand old man" is incomparably the finest English political orator now living, and his voice seems to have recovered all its old power. When, however, we reflect that against this one voice, splendid as it is, the united eloquence of all the other first-class parliamentary orators of England and Scotland, with only one or two exceptions, is arrayed, the fight looks an unequal one. SALISBURY, HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, BRIGHT, GOSCHEN, BEACH, CHURCHILL, and the HAMILTONS are all good speakers, and they are all counted against GLADSTONE in this contest. Nevertheless, there are the 2,000,000 laboring men just adjusted to the ballot-box. They may follow the one grand voice after all. It is the voice of a man to whom they owe their very existence as voters. Will they go back on him? Time will soon tell the story. One month from today the ballots will all have been thrown, and the verdict declared. It is a short, sharp contest, and if GLADSTONE wins he will win against the most terrific odds ever faced by an English political leader.

GENERAL BLACK'S GENEROSITY TO REPUBLICANS.

Our valued contemporary, the Advertiser, is in danger of allowing its zeal as a regular Republican organ to outrun its judgment. Its recent selection of General BLACK, the commissioner of pensions, as an object of attack, certainly shows a lack of discretion. The head and front of General BLACK's offending, according to the Advertiser, is that he is one of "the new school of reformers." No doubt he is, and our contemporary should not forget that the American people expressly voted in November, 1884, that the "new school of reformers," the Democratic school, should take charge of the government, and, incidentally, administer the offices. But the Advertiser is much exercised over General BLACK's carryings-on in the Pension Department. It declares that his practices "amount to a nullification of every principle of civil service reform." In support of its charge, our neighbor asserts that out of seventy-seven appointees seventy-two have been Democrats." This assertion is not in accord with the facts for General BLACK has already appointed over seventy Republicans as special examiners. But even if all that our neighbor says were exactly true, it would not be reasonable for any Republican paper of regular party pretensions to complain.

WILHELM IN TEARS.

Among the chief mourners at the fate of Ludwig, the late crank of the Bavarian throne, is old UNCLE WILHELM, Kaiser of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. A fellow feeling in the way of robbing, starving and generally defrauding their subjects, made them wondrous kind in life, and not that one of them is dead, the other very properly drops the sympathetic tear. As old WILHELM is ninety odds of age he will not have to wait long before going to meet his brother of Bavaria in the land of shades. There will doubtless be more real sorrow at his departure than there is over the Bavarian tyrant's recent taking off.

The people of Prussia have not yet forgotten their struggle for constitutional liberty in the year 1848, and with what treachery and brutality they were deprived of it by the hands of WILHELM, then commander of the troops at Berlin, under his brother, the then king. During a conference of the people of Berlin in front of the royal palace, where they had been invited for the purpose by the king, this same WILHELM suddenly and without warning unbuttoned a battery of artillery, and mowed down without mercy their unresisting ranks with grape and canister, creating the most cruel slaughter. This he did in vindication of the divine right of kings as against those of the impudent people. It was then that many of the brightest and ablest minds of Germany were forced into exile by the severity with which popular rights were trampled and crushed into the dirt. The Kaiser's pious pretensions are well known. He was always strong in his faith in the direct interposition of Divine Providence in his royal behalf, and it will be recalled that shortly after his conquest and entry into Paris in the late Franco-Prussian war, he proposed, with a heart full of piet and gratitude to heaven, to loc a few pictures and other works of art from the Louvre for his palace at Berlin. Of late years he has been almost wholly a tool for BISMARCK. Germany will surely not grieve when he gives place to his son, the Crown Prince, an able man, with far more moral qualities of government. One reason given for the length of life and the physical vigor of the old Emperor is that his intellect has never worn him out to any appreciable extent.

THE DECOLLETE DRESS QUESTION.

The record of General BLACK and that of his predecessor in the pension office are matters of comparison and contrast, on which no judicious Republican organ will needlessly concentrate public attention. General BLACK went into office as head of the pension bureau March 17, 1885. His record as a Union soldier is well known to need rehearsal here. His appointment was everywhere recognized as one eminently fit to be made. Entering upon his duties, what was the state of affairs which he found as to the officeholders under him. The office had been in Republican hands for twenty years. For more than half that time the Republican party had been pledged publicly in all its conventions, state and national, to the great principle of "advertising patronage from politics." What honor can there be in the clothing at present unblushingly worn by ladies in fashionable society? Clothing, did we say? In the lack of clothing, we should have said.

Even if there was no question of good taste or modesty to be considered, look for a moment at the great inconvenience and absurdity of some of the styles which now prevail. What grace of freedom or movement can there be when encumbered with a train? What skill and ingenuity required to pass safely through an assembly of fashionably dressed ladies all fotted by yards of silk and velvet, and sweeping the floor with these costly materials! One could laugh, if not too disgusted, at the ungraceful movement by which the wearer is obliged to kick back the train that impedes his progress, and at the same greatly annoy those who endeavor to pass her.

We well remember being escorted to the refreshment-room at a party by a stately, dignified gentleman, and as we drew near the door found it blockaded by part of the company returning from the table as others were proceeding to it. So many trains going in different directions could hardly fail, however, skillfully managed, to become entangled, and in the hasty efforts to separate the outgoing and incoming trains, our escort was caught by one of heavy velvet and nearly thrown down. Though still preserving his gentlemanly bearing, he could not refrain from a half-muttered ejaculation; then turning to us with a smile, quietly said: "A little more material at the top of a lady's dress and less at the bottom would be very convenient."

Mortified and indignant, when we escaped from this labyrinth, we were fortunate in securing a corner where we could overlook this strangely undressed company. We could not resist the feeling that but tons, hooks and eyes and lacings, had all given way, and the unfortunate ladies' dresses were slowly slipping down to their feet and trailing over the floor. Was it possible that women of culture and modesty could so far forget or overcome the natural instincts of modesty and delicacy as to voluntarily and unblushingly present themselves in company with arms, shoulders and necks so thoroughly nude?

That was the first time we ever saw such an exhibition en masse. As the eye glanced over the assembly, it was sad to see ladies past middle age, mothers, making such an exhibition of themselves, because fashion had so ordained—mothers setting such an example to the young daughters, instead of showing them the beauty of modest and refined adorning!

The decollete style of dress is not only wrong and in poor taste, but it is immodest and indecent. Mothers who allow it to continue, who do not only allow it for their children, but practice it themselves, do even worse.

Sowing sorrow
For their keeping by and by.

Leaving aside for the moment the question of loss of modesty and delicacy which must follow, the injury to the health alone is a matter calling for grave consideration.

"Oh, the crowded rooms are so warm; the heat will not take cold!" argues the fond mother. Ah! that may be if you are sure your daughter will remain in the warm room. But what if in the crowd or after a dance it is uncomfortable, and forgetting all minor considerations to the supreme end of keeping the party one and indissoluble, a compact, coherent and invincible organization.

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BILL NYE

Evolves Some Thoughts About Methuselah.

Fresh Ideas Concerning the Grand Old Man.

Standing Off Old Time for Ten Centuries.

Why He Never Enlisted for the Civil War.

Constantly Disappointing Undertakers, He Had to Go at Last.

I have just been reading James Whitcomb Riley's "response to 'The Old Man' at the annual dinner of the Indianapolis Literary Club, and his reference to Methuselah has awakened in my mind many recollections and reminiscences of that grand old man. We first meet Methuselah in the capacity of a son. At the age of sixty-five, Enoch arose one night and telephoned his physician to come over and see him in meeting Methuselah. Day after day he was in Enoch's happy home, and his first red rays lit up the still redder surface of the old stranger. For three hundred years Enoch and Methuselah jogged along together in the capacity of father and son. Then Enoch was suddenly cut down. It was at this time that little Methuselah first realized what it was to be an orphan. He could not at first realize why Enoch, with an inherited disease, should be shuffled out at the age of three hundred and sixty-five years. But the doctor said to Methuselah, "My son, you are indeed fatherless. I have done all I could, but it is useless. I told Enoch many a time that he went in swimming before the ice was out of the creek, it would finally down him, but he thought he knew better than I did. He was a headstrong man. Enoch, I suppose, was at me and alluded more to a fresh young gosling, because he was 300 years older than I was, and received the reward of the wifely and very droll of the smart Aesop is his."

Methuselah now cast about for some occupation which would fit him for his attention and assuage his wild, passionate grief over the loss of his father. He entered into the walks of men and learned their ways. It was at this time that he learned the pernicious habit of using tobacco, for he was wonder at when he remembered that he was now far from home. He was at the mercy of the coarse, rough world. Possibly he learned to use tobacco when he went away to attend business college after the death of his father. Be that as it may, the noxious weed certainly hastened his death, for 600 years after this we find him a corpse!!

Death is ever a surprise, even at the end of a long illness, and after a ripe old age. To those who are near, it seems abrupt; so to his grandchildren, and of whom a divided heart, and the death of Methuselah came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Methuselah succeeded in corduring up more of a record, such as it was, than any other man of whom history informs us. Time, the tomb-builder and amateur-mower, came and leaned over the front yard and looked at Methuselah, and ran his thumb over the jagged edge of his scythe, and went away whistling a low strain.

He Kept Up This Refrain Business

for nearly ten centuries, while Methuselah continued to stand out amid the general wreck of men and nations.

Even the young, strong mover going forth with his scythe, and his spear, the tall and burly, the devil hornet's nest and perch, by on the outer side, as time with his Waterbury hour-glass and his overworked lay knife over his shoulder, and his long Mormon whiskers and his high, sleek dome of thoughts, with its gray lambrequin of hair around the base of it, mowed all around Methuselah and then passed on.

Methuselah decorated the graves of those who perished in a dozen different ways.

He did not enlist himself, for over 200 years of his life he was a child. He would go to the enlisting place and offer his services, but the old man would tell him to go home and encourage his grandchildren to go. Then Methuselah would sit around Noah's front steps, and smoke and criticise the conduct of the war, also the conduct of the enemy.

It is said of Methuselah that he never was the same man after his son Lamech died. He was greatly attached to Lamech, and when he woke up one night to find his son purple in the face, he lay him down and his heart was soothed.

He was a man of very varied taste, and he could not realize that he might lose him.

The idea of losing a boy who had just sounded the glorious morn of his 77th year, had never occurred to him. But death does a striking mark, and he garnered little Lamme and left Methuselah to moan and mourn for a couple more centuries with him.

Methuselah finally got so that he couldn't sleep any after 4 o'clock in the morning, and he didn't say how any one else could.

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FAMOUS LETTERS.

Extracts from Webster's Unpublished Papers.

Correspondence with Clay and Seward.

Curious Autograph Epistles from President Tyler.

Minister Lawrence on the Irish Rebellion of 1848.

While Concord is celebrating the unrelenting of the status of Webster everywhere to the "god-like Daniel," or throws new light on his life and character, has a timely interest. The reader may be disposed to wonder whether Webster's life is a pretty well-exploited subject on the stage, and in the books, and in the press, and in the remembrance that is now to be said. The truth is, however, that while Webster's biography has been ably written, the immense mass of his correspondence, both personal and political, has never yet seen the light, probably never will. It is in the possession of a Boston gentleman, who esteems the custody of it as a great privilege and honor, and who has kindly permitted a representative of THE GLOBE to inspect it, and make several striking extracts therefrom. The letters written by and to Daniel Webster in the course of his public life, include, of course, the autographs of a very large number of the most eminent of his contemporaries. The bulky volumes from which this article is prepared contain letters from and to Presidents Tyler and Fillmore, from Henry Clay, from Josiah Randall of Pennsylvania (father of Samuel J. Randall), from Thaddeus Stevens, William H. Seward, Edwin M. Stanton, from Alpheus Hyatt (as our minister at London), from Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister at Washington, and from nearly all the leading Whigs of New England, including such men as Edward Everett, Levi Lincoln, Benjamin Butler, Charles J. Devens, and others prominent in the Whig councils of those days. From such a vast storehouse of deeply interesting literature, THE GLOBE can only cull a few choice specimen letters today. The selections will be necessarily made at random, and without any attempt at an orderly historical narrative.

Henry Clay Wrote to Mr. Webster

a long letter from his home in Ashland, Ky., on August 27, 1832, in regard to the State election which had recently been held and the causes of his party's defeat. This Mr. Clay attributed to the extreme measures taken by the opposing party, "an irritation of Tennessee voters who came to the polls in our own border counties. All the voices of all the voters in all the counties were to be kept silent for the periodical adjustment of the ratio of representation. In some of these border counties in the recent election I understand that the Jackson magnates exceeded the whole number of the voters according to those returns."

In concluding the writer referred to the Banks' veto and its attending causes, and closed as follows:

Dear Sir—I hope that our friends abroad will see in our election that the bad issue of it was best remedied by the good, and that they will derive from it fresh motives to spare no exertions to save the country.

I remain always, faithfully your friend,

H. Clay

The above fac-simile of Mr. Clay's autograph signature is photographed by our artist from the original letter, and the other fac-similes of signatures in this article are reproduced in the same manner.

There are several other letters in the collection from the great Kentuckian, and in them he will come to you in a few words. As the years pass by, however, Mr. Clay's letters grow less and less frequent, and this is due to the fact that he has no longer a card to call him. Here is one of Noah's notes:

NEW HAVEN, February 2, 1835.

SIR—I know not whether you received from me the letter on political subjects the last summer. If you did, you will oblige me by enclosing it to me by mail. I have the honor to be, with much respect, Your obedient servant.

Signed LEVI LINCOLN.

Among other fac-similes of the same period we find a fac-simile of a letter from Mr. Webster, the author of "the Dictionary," as it was then called, to Mr. Webster. Here is one of Noah's notes:

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SIR—I know not whether you received from me the letter on political subjects the last summer. If you did, you will oblige me by enclosing it to me by mail. I have the honor to be, with much respect, Your obedient servant.

Signed LEVI LINCOLN.

The Great William H. Seward, was in New York at the time he wrote the letter given below to Mr. Webster. It shows that in 1841, as in 1836, the idea prevailed among public men that a national administration owed something to friends and supporters in the several states.

ALBANY, September 25, 1841.

DEAR SIR.—A letter written by Mr. Allen to Mr. Webster, in which he advised him to go to Paris, and to remain there for a time, which a brief tour through France will consist of, and with the hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing him in Paris.

With these regards I am, dear sir, truly yours,

Signed LEW. CASS.

Hon. Daniel Webster

was then in Europe, too, and among these letters we find one from him to Mr. Webster, dated at Rome, June 24, 1839, as follows:

"Allow me to give you joy on this occasion and to say how happy I am as an American to know that you are in England. It has happened to me to see English society quite widely and to enjoy in no moderate measure that hospitality which it understands so well. I can truly say that the most eminent man I have ever seen has gone before you, and that you will find many of the best people who will be anxious to make your acquaintance. Lord Lansdowne and Holland inquire of me about you with great interest, and I have given them the full volume of your speeches in his library, and he told me with what pleasure he had read your discourse at Plymouth. . . . Receiving your kind messages and wishing you great joy in Europe.

I am, dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

Signed CHARLES SUMNER.

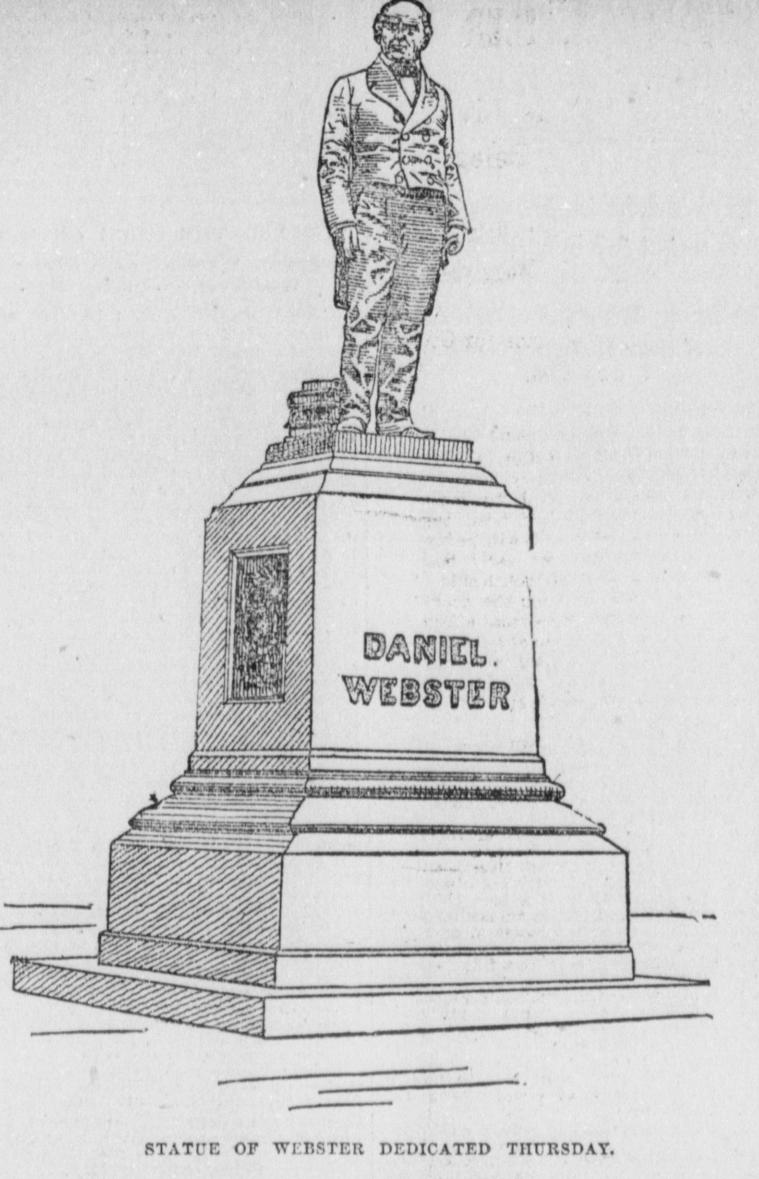
The correspondence affords many evidences of Mr. Webster's enjoyment of his English experience.

and the following letter, in his own handwriting, through addressed to his friend Mr. Ticknor of Boston, gives a good idea of his zest for the English life:

LOTHIAN CASTLE, August 21, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR.—I am glad you like the message, and that you have found time to scratch at the scenes of the lakes with which you are so familiar. I am sorry to say, Mrs. I. and myself have so lately visited Wadsworth that our health has suffered.

He is a very agreeable one, but very fatiguing. I am gratified to hear that he has passed off satisfactorily to the Bostonians,



STATUE OF WEBSTER DEDICATED THURSDAY.

seen to exert to obtain the return of the country by the combination of reciprocal assault and affright. But enough of this. The peace of the country to a considerable extent will be restored. Whenever assistance is given, however, it will be seen very much on three or four days. Come as soon as you can. It is too dark to see, and so I have made a blunder in writing to you. I have made a very good blunder.

Every student of our political history knows how Webster felt about General O'Brien's nomination and what he said about it.

After Taylor Was Elected

we get a glimpse of how Mr. Webster regarded him and his course in making his cabinet in the following letter, also addressed to a friend whose name it is not necessary to give:

SUNDAY MORNING 8 o'clock.

My DEAR SIR.—I passed half an hour with General Taylor. He was pleasant and social enough and by no means of such a harsh and stern countenance as I have often seen him. Our conversation was general. He said nothing to me or I to him of cabinet appointments. It was said last night that he had signified his desire to have Mr. C. come into the cabinet if Mr. C. could give him a strong majority in the Senate. I said nothing to him. Mr. C. is not likely to be appointed. Everybody of sense and character here is the other way of thinking, and it refuses all defensive articles, as appears by the last number of Saturday. There is a strong interest which I can see in him.

General Taylor evidently believed in the doctrine that "the government should be carried on by its friends." Following is an extract of a letter to Webster, written in the same language, and showing his interest in the organic journalism of the time:

TUESDAY.

DEAR SIR.—I am satisfied that there ought to be a change in the case of the Louisiana marshal, Manguay, and desire the same to be made. I have no objection to the change, if you have no potent objections.

I can no longer tolerate the intelligence of the Whig party. Besides assuming me perpetually, directly and indirectly, it refuses all defensive articles, as appears by the last number of Saturday. There is a strong interest which I can see in him.

General Taylor evidently believed in the doctrine that "the government should be carried on by its friends." Following is an extract of a letter to Webster, written in the same language, and showing his interest in the organic journalism of the time:

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While Webster was Secretary of State the trial conviction of General Taylor and other Irish rebel leaders of 1848 took place. Then, as now, there was strong sympathy in this country with the unfortunate victims of English misrule in Ireland, and Webster was a champion of their cause.

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While Webster was Secretary of State the trial conviction of General Taylor and other Irish rebel leaders of 1848 took place. Then, as now, there was strong sympathy in this country with the unfortunate victims of English misrule in Ireland, and Webster was a champion of their cause.

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